



# Monster



287 20 21

## Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

It's here.

## Chapter 2 by quincely



It stands at the window, gnarled hands resting against the glass. Its hot, rank breath forms a cloud of gray that spreads across the window on each exhale, receding slowly before each inhale. It opens its mouth, sharp teeth glinting in the low light, and---

I get up and close the blinds.

I'm not dealing with this today. I think, going back to bed. Nope. Not dealing with any of this spooky shit at two in the damn morning.

I made a mistake when I moved into this house, that's for sure.

## Chapter 3 by Julian Darrows



I don't know for sure when I noticed it, perhaps because I didn't care at the time, perhaps because it never really bothered me, but I know from day one I was in no real danger. This

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sleep in peace. Maybe I can gain some trust or even pity. Maybe it just wants to be friends and can't express it...

Maybe...

#### Chapter 4 by Julian Darrows



Tap. Tap. Tap. Rasp.

It's impatience for my compliance is confirmation enough, I can't open the blinds. I can't look at it, or I'll make it strong enough to leave of it's own accord. It needs control or it'll need to find a new victim, one that will bend when starvation becomes a factor. I can feel it's breath start to catch, it's resolve to hold the facade falter. It knows I'm aware of this weakness, this need, and for once the balance shifts.

Back to bed. He can't continue to draw from me. And I've finally gained the upper hand.

#### Chapter 5 by Julian Darrows



Tonight I'm not sleeping with its watchful eyes leering through my window's fragile guard and the blinds supporting its facade as a protective measure. I've chosen to fight back by returning its gaze in full. Tonight the blinds are open and the light is off. I can't allow it to continue to feed on me, it's been too long, too persistent in ruining my dreams and strangling my rest into a perpetual unease. Time rolls along, wheels in the clock unconcerned with the world of dimming light and dropping temperature around them until the moon peeks into my room and begins the countdown to its arrival.

I wait. Patient, proud, and trembling with an excitement only terror has brought me. I listen, ears tuned to the slightest sounds, counting the scratched as the trees outside clip branch against branch, and the rodents spring to action outside, scrambling among the grass for any hint of food or predators. I watch, eyes sharpened against the growing darkness, brightened by the paranoia boiling in my mind, etching scars into the walls to perceive the slightest changes in my surroundings. I breathe, picking the scents apart to find any hint of its inevitable arrival.

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I feel a breath on my foot.

### Chapter 6 by quantumSpammer



It got inside. It's in the room now at the end of the bed. I can feel it's hot breath on my foot. I know it's waiting for me to give in and pull my feet away. It'll only make it stronger. For now it's contained at the end of the bed, I know in my mind that it can not move further as long as I don't let it frighten me ever more. I must be strong so I try to focus on everything that is good in my life.

Friends and family - who live 200 miles away since I moved to the new city. Shit.

The cute guy in the bar last week who flirted with me - but whose number or name I don't have. Fuck.

My new home - with a fucking monster under the bed. Damn it!

I feel its hungry saliva dripping onto my foot and I snap. My toe starts to twitch and against my better judgement I pull back my legs. In panic I hit the light switch and stare fear itself right into its eye.

### Chapter 7 by Julian Darrows



14 inches of inky black hair. Two eyebrows, arched and angled in malice, a faint scar dividing the left one at the outer edge. Two eyes alight with shades of honey and sage, dancing in gleeful hunger. A smile carved deep into a face that mirrored mine. Was mine.

Its breath fogged the mirror again as I relaxed to see my reflection glare at me.

### Chapter 8 by Kathy Hall



Am I my enemy. Shall my fears merely rest within my mind. All this time; the reflection was mine. I give over to the fear. The image caresses me and swallows my emotion, engulfing me in its beam. I am compelled to be one with the beast. As I reach for her and before her grasp I fall to

the floor and begin to shake while I am pinned to the wall by the heat of my lips. I am one with the image that I fear. I am one with the image that I fear.

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